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SOCIALIST EDITOR JAILED.

Freeman Knowles is editor of the Deadwood, S. D., Lantern. He is a veteran of the civil war and once represented his people in congress. He was prosperous, but the humane heart within would not let him be satisfied to have enough for himself while others suffered because of no fault of theirs. He ranked among the "best people" so long as he served the capitalists, but from the day he espoused the cause of humanity he became a marked man.

Recently he was dragged into the federal court on a trumped up charge of sending "obscene literature" through the mails. The capitalists are getting awfully decent just now. To one who read the Thaw trial, as published in the daily press, it will appear that their claim to decency is belated.

But Editor Knowles was "convicted," of course. That is what federal courts are for—to punish those who raise their voice against the system. A fine of \$500 was assessed. Knowles refused to pay and went to jail. The Black Hills labor union raised the money and offered it to him. He declined it, saying that he had violated no law and that to pay would be an admission that he had. He holds that the liberty of the press is at stake and, after remaining in jail 25 days, an appeal to the federal court of appeals at St. Louis was perfected. Of Mr. Knowles, Eugene Debs, Socialist candidate for president, writes:

"Freeman Knowles who was dowered with as warm a heart as ever beat in the breast of man, saw all about him the suffering of his fellow-beings and with his analytical mind and his critical temperament it did not take him long to conclude that the cause of all this suffering and of the countless sins and iniquities which occur daily before our very eyes was due to the private ownership of the means of life and the shutting out of many from the God-given opportunities which this earth holds out in abundance for all. And so Knowles became a Socialist; and then and there his troubles began."

"Had he shut his ears and eyes to the misery and wretchedness of his fellow-beings he would have spared himself all the trouble which has since fallen to his lot. He had ability in plenty and could have easily retained his place and power by doing as others do who cater to the masters and enjoy the bounties that come to those who 'crook the hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.'"

"Had Knowles been wise and heartless enough to do this he would today be high, or what is regarded as high, in public estimation; would have a fortune and would be an eminently respectable citizen of his state. But Knowles had the Christ spirit. He could not shut out from his vision the things he saw, nor from his soul the things he felt. He did not deny the suffering poor, but boldly avowed himself opposed to the system of society of which they were the victims."

"From that time to this our comrade has been absolutely true to himself and his convictions, has spoken out fearlessly and with the passion of an intense and aroused soul. And, while he has lost caste among many of his former friends, he has steadily gained in moral prestige and in that true self-esteem which clothes a man in divine attributes and ennoble him beyond measure, even though he lies in jail, marked as a common felon and is deserted of all, even as Christ was deserted by the very ones he was dying to serve and save."

"The Lantern, the weekly paper in which Mr. Knowles has been opposing the capitalist system and expressing his views on current affairs, is one of the most effective Socialist propaganda papers in the country. Every line in it is written for the education of the people and for the awakening of the working class. This paper is of the kind the capitalist authorities are preparing to suppress."

"For a long time Freeman Knowles has been under surveillance. He could not be bribed or intimidated into silence, and so drastic measures must be taken to teach him that submission to capitalist rule, however revolting to the finer senses or brutalizing to the victims, is the first duty of the patriotic citizen. The Lantern has therefore been regarded as a menace to the peace and order of capitalist despotism, and so it is. And for this very reason it deserves and should have the support of every good citizen whose ideals are not tainted and corrupted by the love of money, instead of being glorified by the love of man."

"Let all those who are in sympathy with this intrepid champion of the oppressed send their mite to help him in this hour of his shameless persecution. If it be only a three months' subscription it will help, but all who can afford to do so should send \$1.50 to Mrs. Knowles, at Deadwood, S. D., for mail."

a year's subscription to the Lantern. The paper is worth the price and the subscriber will be given value received. It is not enough that we sympathize with a comrade at such a time, but we must share our substance with him. Knowles has been heavily fined and will have other great expenses to meet. Besides this temporary imprisonment pending the final verdict he may be sent to the penitentiary for an indefinite period. The persons who are intent upon suppressing his paper have determined that this shall be his fate. The comrades who have rallied to his support have, upon the other hand, resolved to unflinchingly contest the case to its final termination. The present purpose is to appeal the case to the Court of Appeals at St. Louis, and if decided adversely there, to go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Freeman Knowles does not fear to go to the penitentiary, or even to the gallows, if it be necessary, but if he goes it will be not as a coward, but as a warrior goes. And we, his comrades, must go with him and staunchly support him to the extent of our means and power. Every dollar provided will make the defense more aggressive and effective and serve at the same time to increase public interest and to expose the shocking outrage which has been perpetrated upon an honest man for fearlessly discharging his duty to his oppressed suffering fellow-beings."

PRESS CENSORSHIP.

The longest stride yet in the direction of a press censorship in the United States, of the most autocratic and irresponsible type, was taken last week by the Post Master General. He acts under a law passed with hardly a protest at the recent session of congress. Senator Hale did give notice upon its passage that it was a censoring law, but it went through the legislative mill without a jar. Under this law the Postmaster General has just issued a notice to postmasters to exclude from the mail all publications which in their respective opinions contain "matter tending to incite arson, murder or assassination." If the publication is in a foreign language, and the postmaster "has reason to believe" that it contains "matter tending to incite to arson, to murder or assassination," he may withhold its transmission through the mail until a certified translation is filed, and continue to do so until the department rules if he asks a ruling. If the local postmaster is "in doubt" in any case he must submit the question to the department, and pending its decision must exclude the matter from the mails. This is a terrific power to place in the hands of postmasters. Scores of thousands of censors are hereby established, centralized justices of the peace, each with his own test of what constitute a publication "tending to incite to arson, murder or assassination," and each beyond the reach of the courts. But postmasters are expected to act with "wise discretion and conservatism," in order that no innocent publisher may suffer injustice. Ah! publications that are "right" must not be disturbed. To call a Republican President a despot might subject a socialist publication to suppression as tending to incite to assassination. But to call a socialist on trial for his life an "undesirable citizen" might be legitimate in the interests of justice. It would depend upon the point of view of the postmaster. Who is the man so blind as not to see that this postal regime places every publication at the mercy of the party in power? Who so obtuse as not to understand that here is an engine for the suppression of opinion not yet popular, more formidable than any engine with which the advocates of free speech have ever before been confronted. This is the edition law of a hundred years ago, done over into a form infinitely more dangerous to personal liberty.—Chicago Public.

Two years ago Mr. Bryan spoke in the afternoon at Sikeston. He was talking to farmers and showed how the tariff robbed them. That same night he spoke at Flat River, in the lead belt of St. Francois county. He was talking to miners, and lead is heavily protected by the tariff. Bryan never said tariff once. Does Bryan and the Democratic party stand for different things in different sections? In the mining districts about Joplin, two years ago, the Democratic candidate for congress pleaded for votes, saying that he favored a tariff on lead.

The capitalists are great joke-smiths. They tell us not to incite class prejudice, and at the same time swear there are no classes in this "free" country. The Socialists say that classes do exist, and that it is their aim to so improve conditions that there will be none. The only class that shows any class hatred, or prejudice, is the capitalist class. The Socialists are not mad.

THE RISING WAVE.

Just one story comes from every city, town, village and hamlet concerning the political outlook. That is the story of the rising tide of Socialism. The columns of the Daily Socialist could be filled again and again with the reports of activity. New locals are being organized, old ones are increasing in membership, tickets are being nominated where none have been in the field before. Everywhere it is the same story. Socialists themselves are scarcely aware of the opportunity that is before them. We are now reaping the results of years of silent, steady work. Here and there and everywhere, in shop, mill, mine, factory and store, on the farm and the railroad, at the crossroads and on the street corners, a vast body of men and women have been working. They have been telling the story of Socialism, the story of the evolution of capitalism, of its decay and of the new day that is coming.

These faithful workers in the cause of Labor have been black-listed and driven to the ends of the earth. This has forced them to become traveling organizers and agitators. They have carried the gospel of freedom into corners where it never would have been carried by any other means. They have left behind them readers of Socialist papers to carry on the work. These readers have taken it up in their turn and become new centers of growth.

So the seed of intelligent revolt has been scattered far and wide. Many times the soil appeared to be rocky. Often the thorns of capitalist falsehood and deceit have appeared to choke it out. Frequently the drought of ignorance and prejudice has seemed to destroy it. But today the industrial situation is awakening it to new life. The word that passed unheeded from the mind a year ago, apparently without impression, is recalled today when its truth is proven by the facts that MUST be read and heeded.

Thousands who have scoffed at prophecies of a coming panic will heed a PRESENT one.

The tide of Socialist thought has been beating from a thousand unthought-of directions. A host of immigrants, brought to this country in the hope of adding profits to capitalism, have brought with them the movement that will destroy the profit system. From England comes now a mass of literature that needs no translation, that tells of the progress of the workers of that country toward freedom. The impulse of the new movement presses into every form of literature. It invades the stage in spite of the efforts of a trustful management. It has become the very foundation of a new art in painting and music, and through these mediums is preaching with powerful effect to those who understand its language.

It crowds its way into the very councils of capitalist politics and writes their doom upon the walls of their meeting places.

If in some way each one of the hundreds of thousands of isolated Socialists who is working away in his own locality could be made to realize how, just at this moment, he is joining hands with a great multitude that is moving on to victory, he would redouble his efforts. Especially would he do so if he could be made to realize the tremendous opportunity of the PRESENT MOVEMENT. Every Socialist paper that is distributed, every book or pamphlet or leaflet that is given away or sold or loaned will do splendid work now. Where they would have been thrown away or glanced through and forgotten a year ago they will now be studied, heeded, followed.

The tide of Socialism is rising. IT WILL RISE JUST AS HIGH AS THE SOCIALISTS WILL TO MAKE IT.

No limits can be set to the possibilities of the coming months save that set by the weakness or inactivity of Socialists themselves.

This editorial will be read by enough persons to bring about a Socialist victory if each did all he could from now until November. This sounds like a wild dream. But who can set bounds to the spread of an idea, when that idea is backed by the ONWARD SWEEP OF OUR WHOLE SOCIAL LIFE?

Through this, and a host of other Socialist papers, we, the Socialists of America, are talking to each other. Let us register a vow that TODAY and NOW we will make some effort to grasp and utilize the opportunity before us. A general lift now will take years from our struggle in the future, will bring freedom to ourselves and our children. It is the day and the hour for which we have been waiting and wishing. Let us take advantage of it, now that it is here.

ANDERSON'S TIN SHOP.

Handles cavertroughs, spouting, roofing and everything in the sheet metal line. Gasoline stoves repaired.

All Work Guaranteed. E. G. ANDERSON, COMMERCE, MO.

THEY ARE THINKING.

"Did you see that piece in the Republic about that old woman, 93 years old, still doing hard work in the government service at Washington?" asked a working man of the editor the other day.

"No, I didn't see it."

"Well, you ought to see it."

"Why?"

"Well, it is about an old woman, a direct descendant of the revolutionary fathers. She has been in the harness—oh, I don't remember how long—and wants to die in the service. I just wish somebody would get hold of it that could write. It is a splendid opportunity to show how our present society cares more for animals than for humans. If we use a horse until old age overtakes him we keep and care for him for the good he has done, but our government makes this old woman earn her living—and the piece says her work is hard."

To say that I was surprised at this workingman's interest in humanity is putting it mildly. Twelve months ago he would have read this news item and seen nothing in it beyond the remarkable age of the woman and her ability to work. He has been studying Socialism and today he sees it in an entirely different light. He has passed the dollars and cents "ideal" and can view things from its humane side. He got the paper and handed it to me—pointing out the article. I told him I would read it when I got home, but this did not satisfy him. He took the paper from me and began to read:

"Washington, July 5.—Ninety-three years old, a third of a century in the service of the Government and wanting to die in harness. Such is the life story of Mrs. Annie E. Philpott, who is employed at the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing here. She is hale, blessed with perfect eyesight despite her age and does her work in a creditable manner. Descended from a Revolutionary family of stout Pennsylvanians, inured to labor and then its joys, the woman's one wish is to die in harness. She has made her wishes known in this regard, and while her present activity lasts her position is assured."

Here he stopped and, looking up at me, said with disgust: "Think of that! Assured of her job so long as her present activity lasts."

"And the work she does for the Government is not the kind that can be classified among the 'easy jobs.' It is hard, physical labor, cleaning and dusting the offices of the officials, and they bear testimony that it is well done."

"See there," he said as he paused. "It is hard physical work she has to do—cleaning and dusting for those high-collared officials." And he proceeded:

"Mrs. Philpott was born in Adams County, Pennsylvania, of old Colonial stock. Her maternal grandfather, John Weaver, served George Washington in the capacity of body guard, while her paternal grandfather, John Leonard, was also a soldier in the Revolution."

When he had finished he handed the paper back to me in evident disgust and said something about such cruel treatment of the direct descendants of the Revolutionary fathers whom the government pretends to hold in high esteem.

Another feature of this dispatch is that it was sent out on the day after the defenders of the existing order had expended barrels of hot air orating about our "freedom" and glorifying the Fathers of the Revolution.

But the workers are doing more reading and thinking than ever before, and official hot air does not warm them up like it used to.

If there are no classes then how is it possible to "array class against class?" You couldn't start a fight between Tom and Dick if Tom was nowhere in existence. The fact is, we have three classes, generally described as the "lower" or working class; the "middle" or trading class; and the "upper" or idle-rich class. The trouble lies in the fact that the middle class imagines itself belonging to the upper or pirate class. And it is not far wrong. They are the agents who scatter the wares of the trusts among the people and really BELONG to the pirate class as much as do the workers. The only difference is that the pirates have set for them a little higher standard of living.

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THE ISSUE.

To one who understands the metropolitan newspapers, the "dope" that they put out is amusing. The Post-Dispatch is a rabid capitalist organ, and wears the Democratic label. Of Mr. Bryan it says:

"Enjoying the confidence of the Democratic masses to a remarkable degree, it is in his power so to direct the issues of the campaign as to fix public attention upon real reforms for the wrongs inflicted on the country by Rooseveltism and for the prevailing depression in commerce and industry. A thoughtful and statesmanlike, and, above all, a moderate and truly Democratic appeal to the people on his part in behalf of genuine political, financial and commercial reform, WITH NO INCITEMENT OF CLASS PREJUDICES, WITH NO ASSAULTS UPON THE COURTS and with no frantic out-reaching after Socialist or Populist false reforms, would do much to justify the action of the Denver convention in placing the leadership once more in his keeping."

The Post-Dispatch understands the real issue and wants Bryan to be careful and steer clear of it. It wants no "incitement to class prejudice" and "no assaults upon the courts." The doped giants in the mills, factories, mines and on the farms are not to be aroused from their slumber. They are to be told of their "freedom," their "intelligence," and how they may, some day, become a Rockefeller or Morgan if they are "thrifty."

They must be told, in the language of the Denver platform, that "the courts of justice are the bulwarks of our liberties, and we yield to none in our purpose to maintain their dignity." It won't do to tell these work-mules that the court benches are packed with corporation lawyers who serve their masters! Above all, avoid the "incitement of class prejudice." Keep the suckers thinking they are IT.

The plank over which the newspapers made the most noise in both conventions was the so-called anti-injunction plank. The labor unions have been severely hit by the injunction lash of the capitalist courts, and they tried hard to get an effective plank against government by injunction in the platforms of both parties. They succeeded in getting a meaningless plank in both platforms. Of the Democratic plank the Kansas City Independent gets off this joke:

"The Democratic injunction plank, for instance, is a plain statement that protects the workman and safeguards the capitalists, at the same time calling a halt upon the outrageous abuse of the power by federal judges. Not even the most prejudiced can construe it as an attack upon the courts, while the worker cannot fail to see that it is a strong defense of his rights."

Where the Independent gets its idea that the platform calls "a halt upon the outrageous abuse of the power by federal courts" I do not know. There is nothing in the platform to warrant such a construction. And the Independent admits this in its very next sentence when it says, "Not even the most prejudiced can construe it as an attack upon the courts." In short, the plank is a straddle. It means nothing. The plank is supposed to be a labor plank and the Independent assures us that it "safeguards the capitalists."

You cannot draw up a plank that will protect alike capital and labor, any more than you can protect alike the robber and the robbed.

GO TO THE PRIMARY.

Since there are no opposing Socialist candidates for any of the nominations, the Socialist voter is liable to feel that because there is no contest is matters little whether he votes in the primary or not.

But there is another and more important view to take of it. Socialism advances steadily until it reaches certain stages. One of these stages is reached when it threatens the political existence of the ruling class of any community or locality. In other words, all other political parties are capitalist organizations, and at some time the Socialist party must meet and defeat the combined capitalist forces before it can proceed. The sooner we get to a bridge, the quicker we can get over it.

We have got this situation to meet sooner or later in Scott county—just as the Socialists of Edna, Vanduser and Crowder had to meet it last April at the municipal elections.

If we turn out at the primary and poll a vote that threatens the existing powers, we will reach this stage this fall. If we do not do this—either for want of strength or lack of interest—we will have it to do two years hence. Therefore, if we can force the assorted variety of trust-busters to throw off their mask and crawl into the same bandwagon this fall, it will advance the movement just two years. Get out and vote!

DEMOCRATS HAVE FINISHED.

The Democrats finished their job at Denver and returned home, after nominating Bryan and a somewhat obscure gentleman from Indiana by the name of Kern. As to the platform, I will print what the Post-Dispatch says about it, which tells it better than I could. Bryan is credited with writing the platform and absolutely dominating the convention. The Post-Dispatch says:

"The platform on which Mr. Bryan now stands ignores most of the ideas with which his public career to date has been associated."

"It is silent on the question of free silver. It has nothing to say about Government ownership of railroads. It has no mention of the initiative and referendum. It modifies his national incorporation plan; it qualifies his demand of 1900 for a scuttling from the Philippines; it refers to but does not demand or promise a national guaranty of bank deposits, and with reference to the courts it is careful to point out that it proposes no change except by due process of law."

"On the questions of tariff reduction, the criminal prosecution of trust magnates and officials of corporations who have violated law, the income tax, economy in expenditure, opposition to constructive jurisprudence and other usurpations at Washington, the arbitrary power of the Speaker, the publicity of campaign contributions and the efficient regulation of railroads, the platform is in the main, sober, sound and Democratic."

Mr. Bryan has been a voracious speaker and a ready writer. He has been making a platform for himself for many years. He has urged some extreme views with a freedom that has not been forgotten. He has questioned the honesty of those who disagreed with him and he has threatened to drive them out of the Democratic party.

The strength that he will show at the polls will depend in no small degree on his success in keeping the Denver platform in full view and the more familiar Bryan platform in concealment."

So you see, Mr. Free-Silver-Democrat, the platform on which Mr. Bryan today stands, ignores most of the ideas which made him famous. In their platform the Democrats declare that the tariff is THE ISSUE. And when you listen to a spell-binder, just tune yourself to listen to the thrashing even of this ancient rubbish.

In plain English, the Democratic platform means just what the Republican platform means—the perpetuation of the present plundering system. The P-D was a strong advocate of Parker four years ago, and it tells you that the Bryan platform is "in the main, sound, sober and Democratic." It also tells you that, to win, Bryan must keep his present self in full view and his former self in concealment.

A LIVE QUESTION.

You can tell a "live wire" by the effect it has on the torch. You can tell a live issue by the way its adversaries try to demolish it. Saturday President Roosevelt delivered a speech at the unveiling of a monument at Matinecock, I. I. He didn't say much about the dead hero, nor does the dispatch say that he mentioned the Democrats. But the Socialists caught him. To show how ignorant the president is of Socialism, and its aims, I here quote from his speech:

"We have made this country what it is partly because we have measurably succeeded in securing, in the past, equality of opportunity. That is very different from equality of reward."

"I believe emphatically in doing everything that can be done, by law or otherwise, to keep the avenues of occupation, of employment, of work, of interest, so open that there shall be, so far as it is humanly possible to achieve it, a measurable equality of opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him."

"But when it comes to reward, let him get what, by his energy, foresight, intelligence, thrift, courage, he is able to get if the opportunity opens."

"I do not believe in coddling anyone. I would no more permit the strong to oppress the weak than to tell a weak man or a vicious man that he ought by right have the reward due only the man who actually earns it."

"Very properly we, in this country, set our faces against privilege. There can be no grosser example of privilege than that set before us as an ideal by certain socialistic writers—the ideal that every man shall put into the common fund what he can, which would mean what he chose; and should take out what he wanted."

"The theory is that a man who is vicious, foolish, a drag on the whole community, should take what is not his, what he has not earned; that he should rob his neighbor of what that neighbor has earned."

Now! I can excuse a cross-roads editor or a Jack-leg lawyer for getting off such stuff as that, but the president of a great nation like this ought to know better. Of course Rockefeller gets only "what he has earned." And Harriman did not "rob his neighbor of what that neighbor had earned" in the Alton deal, when he cleared up fifty million dollars—the result of a law, signed by Roosevelt, making railroad bonds acceptable by savings banks in exchange for the people's money.

BRYAN AND TAGGART.

Tom Taggart, a notorious sport and joint-keeper, guided matters in the interest of "the people" as chairman of the national democratic committee. Listen to the Chicago Daily Socialist:

Bryan and Taggart—No, that is not quite the way it will read at the head of the Democratic column but that is the way it would read if the ticket were to tell the truth. But it is hard for the ticket of a capitalist party not to conceal or falsify.

John W. Kern was an unknown until this morning. It was only by a rapid search of reference books that enough could be found about him to make a newspaper story.

But when inquiry is made in Indiana, the first piece of information received about him is that he is "Tom Taggart's lawyer." Oh, yes, everyone knows all about him now. He belongs to Tom Taggart—Tom Taggart, one of the bosses Bryan is fighting. Quer way to fight him, you think. Well, there are many queer things about the Democratic convention.

Why does Tom Taggart need a lawyer? He runs a commercial establishment down at French Lick Springs of a character that requires frequent services of the best possible attorneys. You know that the principal business of attorneys at present is to tell their employers how they can violate the law and not get caught.

Tom Taggart is running the sort of business that has, perhaps, even more need of the services of a lawyer than most corporations, although we would not be too sure on that point.

Tom Taggart is running a gambling hell at French Lick Springs, contrary to the laws of the state of Indiana. Everyone knows he is doing it. Everyone knows it is contrary to law. But the governor does not arrest him. He does not spend days and nights in jail, like labor union officials who seek to improve the conditions of their fellow workers.

On the contrary, Tom Taggart is a maker of governors, vice-presidents and presidents.

He is one of the most powerful men in the great Democratic party. He was able to debate the nominee for the second highest office in the world.

That comes of having a good hard man as a lawyer.

It is no more than fair that such a lawyer should be rewarded. Tom is accustomed to rewarding his friends by giving them public office. Why should he not reward his most valuable friend with an office in proportion to his services?

Besides, suppose that Tom should want to operate a shell game on the White House lawn. It would be handy to have a friend as vice president.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

The gentlemen in and around the court house give as a reason for starting a new "Democratic" paper that Mr. Smith is not getting out a Democratic paper, and that he refuses to print the stuff as written, even when it is furnished by them. I insist that the organ-grinder is doing the best he can—that the trouble lies in the fact that there is no national defense possible for the alleged Democracy of today.

To test the soundness of their contention I made to three of them—and here I make it to all—this proposition. I said: "You blame Mr. Smith for not getting out a better Democratic paper. If you think you can do better I will violate my rule that all articles must be signed, and will grant you all the space you want—a whole page, if necessary—to reply to my leading article of last week. I will not print any of your names; you can combine all the brains of 'the party' and you can prepare the article for this week or next."

My proposition was not eagerly accepted, as you might suppose. The nearest to acceptance I could get was "I don't know." In the group that I invite to upset the arguments of the Kicker are a half dozen lawyers, doctors, bankers and office-holders—all of whom have had better schooling than I. All I ask is that they be plain and not befog and muddle the issues with matters that have no bearing on the questions of today. I want something that all can understand.